

Woolly Wisp

By John Horald Hamlin.

THE mere fact that he was a sheep gave him a woolly reputation. He had not always flocked with Virginia's denizens, yet he lived there when that place reeked of wild, western life, and the sheep seemed not at all out of his element on the gray Comstock Lode. Woolly was a derelict, a lone lamb when first he entered Virginia's precincts, abandoned by a careless shepherd and pursued by coyotes into the very heart of that bustling mining camp. The miners were just changing shifts when the lambkin darted down C street, night shadows threw a gloom abroad, and the diminutive, flitting white object mystified the miners as they trooped homeward. One thick-tongued individual shouted out: "Look at it, boys! 'Tis a will o' wisp!"

The "wisp" bleated pitifully, and the merry men laughed loudly as they beheld a timid lamb. "Not will o' wisp, Slimps, but a decidedly woolly one, man!"

In such fashion did the sheep come by his name, and from that date Woolly Wisp played a privileged role in Virginia's circles. No one person claimed him. He was public property, and consequently Woolly's bringing up lacked a certain proportion of home influence so essential to the proper training of young things. The first real wicked deed Woolly enacted endeared him to the whole bevy of school children. If the sheep had reasoning powers, one would be inclined to believe he maliciously planned his assault against Prof. Wigstie, principal of the Virginia schools. The principal adhered to the "rod" motto, and the pupils hated him much and feared him more. Prof. Wigstie was partial to tan shoes; he cared not what style they were so long as the color gleamed yellow. His most recent acquisition in shoe leather made glad his heart—a glaring saffron shade, and soles that squeaked in a minor key, thus attracting not only the eye but the ear as well.

Woolly Wisp stood in a side street one bright morning. The hang of his head bespoke dejectedness; a battered tin can, suffixed, explaining his bad mood. Woolly frequently rattled tin-wares through the precipitous streets on Mt. Davidson's slopes. It always ruffled his temper, which was pretty average bad at its best. While browsing in this ugly state of mind, a tall, spare man with vividly yellow and noisy shoes adorning his pedal extremities squeaked by in insolent complaisance. Woolly stamped his foot; the can clattered behind him—off he went, not like, but in reality, a battering ram. Prof. Wigstie sprawled quite across C street. Many of his irrepressible pupils gathered about the fallen owner of yellow shoes and lost dignity. Woolly Wisp tarried not, but continued on his career at a rattling pace.

After that star performance of the sheep, no youth in any of the Virginia "cliques" ever again attached things to his tail. He was, in their eyes, a creature to be revered as the hero who "downed" the terrible Wigstie. In such guise Woolly commanded all due respect from the younger generation, and his future popularity was assured simply by that one daring act.

Woolly wasn't a traditional lamb, for he never ventured near the school-house. The truce established between himself and the school children occurred at a too recent date to carry any weight with him. He distrusted impulsive youth, and many times he betook himself to the outskirts of Virginia City that he might be entirely out of sight and hearing of rough youngsters.

Prof. Wigstie lived near the town's edge, in a house that looked three stories high, front view, and a mere shed, back view. The steepness of the sidewalk site accounted for this disparity. The small front yard blazed with big sunflowers and brilliant dahlias. Woolly admired this rare garden-spot, and forced an entrance one luckless afternoon. The professor, returning from school, espied the trespasser; his wrath flared forth, and he bore down upon the sheep in a frenzy. Woolly realized that safety lay in flight, and he immediately took that course. Away went pedagogue and ram, careening down the mountain. At a moment when the race seemed lost to Prof. Wigstie, a dire calamity befell the pursued. An old mining-shaft, partially obscured by sagebrush, yawned directly in the sheep's path. He disappeared down its black depths. No sign, no sound could Prof. Wigstie detect of the ingulfed torment.

"Good enough! That blasted beast is a hoodoo, and it's good riddance of this petted Woolly Wisp."

The removing of the \$700,000.000 worth of silver and gold from the heart of Mt. Davidson necessitated a wonderful amount of excavation. To say that the whole mountain is honey-combed is a plain statement of truth. A force of men picking in a tortuous drift heard a muffled ha-a, ha-a. They stopped work; caught the sound again, and, with a few strokes of picks, broke through into an old shaft. Rather an emaciated-looking sheep met their surprised gaze. One of his horns had been broken off; he appeared slightly faded—but they recognized in him the mysteriously disappeared Woolly Wisp.

"Poor Woolly! You're a sorry sight, but we are right glad to see you again," said Slimps, who first discovered this will o' wisp.

It didn't take long to get the sheep out of his underground prison, nor did it consume much time for him to regain his normal sprightliness.

One lives in Virginia City but a brief period ere one learns that the wind blows fiercely and frequently. Jocularity termed Washoe zephyrs are these sweeping breezes that lift and carry tin roofs, capsize houses and deftly pick box cars clear off the tracks.

Prof. Wigstie was an imported teacher. His peculiarities were extremely at odds—that is, he adored yellow shoes, as hereinbefore mentioned, and, although past 50, had luxuriant, curly, black hair. On a Sunday, several days after Woolly's rescue, the professor and his wife were coming home from church. The morning had dawned beautifully, so Prof. Wigstie took much pains with his toilet. Shoes a burnished yellow, hair an oily mass of curls. A Washoe zephyr sprung suddenly out of the west, even as the congregation poured forth from the holy edifice. It blew and raged and rampaged with vim. It twisted gowns away, and caught upon an occasional hat, or kerchief, or loose wrap. Prof. Wigstie held on to his head-gear faithfully; abruptly turning a corner, he let go his hat, threw up his hands and shouted: "Sarah, Sarah, look at it! That demon of a sheep! Why he is a thousand feet—"

The sentence went unfinished. A boisterous gust snatched the professor's hat, and at first thought one would imagine his hair arose from fright at the spectacle of Woolly Wisp's ghost. Not so; his hair lacked anchorage—'twas false. And there, in sight of the whole congregation, Prof. Wigstie stood, a hatless, hairless individual; while his wig—strange coincidence that Wigstie should wear a wig—whirled gayly on the wings of the wind.

"Hoodoo sheep! Hoodoo sheep!" The words ran through his mind and slipped audibly over his tongue. The "hoodoo" sheep saw the tangled ball of hair rolling swiftly toward him. He jumped aside then in funny stiff-legged leaps he took after the object. His low ha-a, ha-a accompanied every jump.

A jolly crowd of miners stepped out of a saloon. They observed the details of the Sabbath street-show and how they did hoot! Some one grabbed up the wig—with mock courtesy it was returned to the dazed, chagrined pedagogue. Prof. Wigstie silently resolved that vengeance should be his; that this sheep and he could not live peacefully together in Virginia City.

He thought of shooting the beast—no, that could not be; for the handling of pistols alarmed him as much as his wielding of a strap terrified the scholars. "Poison! I'll lay it in my garden, leave the gate open and Woolly's appetite will do the rest."

That evening the professor saw the undaunted sheep eying his oasis-like flower-garden. "Delays are dangerous," quoted Wigstie, oracularly, and he quickly procured strychnine and deftly placed it here and there on the choicest plants.

Owing to the dilapidated condition of the wind-tossed wig, the professor had ordered a new crop of hair. The same arrived late in the evening of this day on which Wigstie plotted against Woolly's life. Visitors happened to be at his house, and he laid the package on his bureau without examining it. Mrs. Professor—a woman, and curious—opened the bundle, smiled approvingly and whispered to herself: "Dear Henry, he has at last overcome his pride for his youthful looks. Bless his dear heart! This gray wig will be so becoming to him." She placed the wig on the stand where Henry always kept his hair, and quite forgot it.

In the wee early hours of morning Prof. Wigstie awoke with a start. He listened apprehensively. An unusual pattering noise filled the room. He reached over in the dark and grabbed his wig, clapped it on his head, leaped out of bed and rushed to the window. He saw—Great Scott!—he saw Woolly Wisp multiplied a hundredfold! There were sheep in his garden; sheep racing down the street; sheep scattered all over the sidewalk. What could it mean? Was he dreaming? He trembled as the word "hoodoo" flashed through his mind. Pale moonbeams flooded everything. They cast a ghastly pallor upon the sleeping, sheep-haunted city. Prof. Wigstie turned aside. A mirror stood in the niche by the faintly illuminated window. Horror upon horrors! His hair—his false hair—had actually turned white!

It is a wonder the man didn't go stark, staring mad. His wife tried to explain the miracles—but failed utterly. She did explain, though, to the trustees, why her husband could not attend to his school duties; for he vanished completely, nor was he again ever heard of by Comstockers.

Mrs. Wigstie languished for a few weeks in her lonely house. Several letters addressed to Prof. Wigstie arrived, among which she discovered one from the hairdresser who supplied him with hirsute furnishings. It read like an apology; a mistake had been made; his wig was sent to another party, and the other party—an old man—received the professor's, black curls. Mrs. W— shook her head, murmured something about "poor, puzzled dear" and silently wept.

When a letter came, shortly afterward, she cheered up amazingly; bade a few friends good-by, and—it was rumored—joined her husband, who came to his senses, but could not muster up enough courage to come back to the scenes of his mortifying experiences with Woolly Wisp.

Woolly, fickle creature, deserted his happy home and wandered off with the flock of sheep that passed through Virginia's streets on the night of Wigstie's hallucinations.

Not knowing what became of Prof. Wigstie, we cannot say whether Woolly persisted in being his "hoodoo," or whether, which is more likely, he went the way of all ordinary muton-sheep.—San Francisco Argonaut.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEED.

Delayed by the Failure to Work of the Filling and Sealing Machinery.

Considerable delay is being occasioned in the congressional seed distribution by the failure of the filling and sealing machinery to work as it was expected to do. The invention is a new one, and not yet in a state of perfection, but it is thought that the inventor, who spends his time in the plant, will be able to have it in good working order in the next few days.

Just now the work of filling, sealing and franking the bags is being done by hand as rapidly as possible, and some orders are being gotten out for the localities in which planting first occurs.

It is thought by the contractors that the plant, which is conveniently located near the post office, will be in full working order in the next few days, and that, even with the present delay and the extra appropriation, the work will be completed much more rapidly than ever before.

Some fear is entertained by some congressmen lest Secretary Wilson's test for germination is too high, and that he is paying too much attention to the scientific character of the supply, and thus materially retarding the distribution. The congressmen frankly confess that it is the quantity and speed of the distribution for which they care more than for the quality, and already they are making uneasy calls at the plant where the seeds are being handled and to the seed division of the agricultural department.

Animals.

Details of a thrilling fight in which an enormous timber wolf vanquished a pack of 18 hounds reached Mattoon, Ill., the other day. It occurred on the Sizemore farm, near Marley, Edgar county, and was witnessed by Siebert Scott, William Creech and Mark Davidson, who were at work in a sugar camp. They saw the wolf running, followed by the dogs. The pursued animal was weak from the long chase, and, seeing the men, ran into a shallow creek. There it turned at bay. The hounds attacked it viciously for an hour, but retired with all noses, lacerated flanks and bleeding bodies. The wounded but victorious wolf was shot and killed by Scott as it clambered upon the bank.

DESCENT OF THE BARINGS.

History of a Great Commercial Family Extending Through Centuries.

Two centuries ago there lived at Bremen, in Germany, a pastor of the Lutheran church named Franz Baring, or Baering. In those days, says Spare Moments, the ministers of his order might be men of great learning, but their circumstances were at the best moderate. His son, John Baring, went to England and established himself as a clothmaker near Exeter, in Devonshire. From the ranks of the cloth drapers and the linen drapers, quite as often as from among the goldsmiths, the merchants and bankers were then recruited. John Baring's son, Francis, born in 1740, was sent at an early age to learn the "art, trade and mystery" of a merchant, and before he died he made himself, by consent, the first merchant in the world.

He was a director in the Honorable East India Company, then one of the highest rewards to which a merchant might hope to attain; for a time he was the great company's chairman; for twenty-two years he sat in parliament, then a far more exclusive body than it has become under the extended suffrage; in 1793 he was made a baronet; in 1810 he died. But his first title to honor is that he founded the house of Barings. His sons were the first Baring brothers.

All previous records in the fasting line have been broken by a queer reptile called a cyclopus, owned by Joseph St. Clair, a cigar merchant of 104 Hudson street, New York city. After a seven months' fast, during which the cyclopus took nothing in the shape of sustenance, it died last Sunday night. In the seven months it increased from eight to 15 inches in length and grew stouter in proportion.

The cyclopus is a species of sand lizard, belonging to the family of scincidae. In color it is silver and gray, with brown spots and dark gray rings around its body, and is found on the rocky shores of Australia. The most peculiar feature of this reptile is that it is double-headed. The four legs are jointed so that it can walk in either direction without turning round. The cyclopus is web-footed. The foot has four fingers and a thumb, while the joints on the legs are made on the same principle as a man's elbows.

When two furtive, lightly-garbed figures stole back to their respective beds, the sky was shivering towards the dawn. As Amherst crept into his bed, the next man to him moved, and muttered in his sleep. "We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord." He was the second tenor in the choir, and had been practicing some new music the day before at the squeaking harmonium.

"Amen," said Davy, fervently, as he drew the blanket over his head. At the same moment the bugle rang out "Reveille," clear as a bell—resonant as the last trump—each note rising and falling on the still air. It was echoed from cliff to cliff, from fort to barracks, till the whole island rang with the news that another day was born.

And the gunners of Tighe woke to reluctant life, and gumbled themselves into uniform and pipe-clayed helmets once again. But there was gladness in two rough, honest hearts, for a shadow had rolled away with the purple line of night-cloud into the sea.—Black and White.

A Mosquito's Teeth.

A mosquito gets its growth in a short time. It is fully developed and equipped for business in three weeks.

Shatters All Records.

Twice in hospital, F. A. Gullidge, Verbena, Ala., paid a vast sum to doctors to cure a severe case of piles, causing 24 tumors. When all failed, Bicklen's Arnica Salve soon cured him. Subdues Inflammation, conquers Aches, kills Pains. Best salve in the world. 25c at Graham & Wortham's drug store.

Look Pleasant, Please.

Photographer C. C. Harlan, of Eaton, O., can do so now, though for years he couldn't, because he suffered untold agony from the worst form of indigestion. All physicians and medicines failed to help him till he tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for him that he declares they are a god-send to sufferers from dyspepsia and stomach troubles. Unrivaled for diseases of the stomach, Liver and Kidneys, they build up, and give new life to the whole system. Try them. Only 50c. Guaranteed by Graham & Wortham, druggists.

For Sale.

Thirty three head of Angora goats. Also a span of mules. Address "B" Corvallis.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of William Allen, deceased, by the county court of Benton state of Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate of William Allen, deceased, are hereby required to present the same with the proper vouchers duly verified as by law required within six months from the date hereof, to the undersigned at his residence about 5 miles south west of Philomath, Oregon, or at the office of E. E. Wilson, in Corvallis, Benton County Oregon.

Dated: This August 9th, 1902.
Mary C. Allen
Administratrix of the estate of William Allen deceased.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Castor H. Fletcher*

Guardians' Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as guardian of the persons and estates of Sybil G. Walker and Aldwin R. Walker, minors will on Wednesday, the 27th day of August, 1902, at the court house door in the city of Corvallis, in Benton county, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, free of incumbrance all the right, title and interest of said Sybil G. Walker and Aldwin R. Walker, in and to that certain real property bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point 12 1/2 chains east of the south east corner of the northwest quarter of south-east quarter of section 30 township 11 south of range 5 west of the Willamette meridian in the county of Benton, an state of Oregon; thence east 25 chains, thence north 10 chains, thence west 25 chains, thence south 60 chains to place of beginning, containing 150 acres more or less.

Said sale is made under and in pursuance of a license and order of sale granted by the county court of the state of Oregon for Multnomah county on the 22nd day of July, 1902. In the matter of the guardianship of said Sybil G. Walker and Aldwin R. Walker, said minors.

Dated this July 26, 1902.
CORA E. FORD,
Guardian of the persons and estates of Sybil G. Walker and Aldwin R. Walker, minors.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of James Marvin Applewhite, deceased, by the county court of the state of Oregon in the city of Corvallis, in Benton county, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate of James Marvin Applewhite, deceased, are hereby required to present the same with the proper vouchers, duly verified as by law required: within six months from the date hereof to the undersigned at his law office in Corvallis, Benton county, Oregon.

Dated this July 26th, 1902.
E. E. WILSON,
Administrator of the estate of James Marvin Applewhite, deceased.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon,
In the matter of John M. Osburn, bankrupt in bankruptcy.

To the creditors of the above named bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that J. O. Wilson, trustee in the above entitled matter has filed his final account as such trustee and the said account will be examined and passed upon at the office of the referee in Albany, Oregon, on Monday the 4th day of August A. D. 1902.

Also that at the same time and place a dividend, and an only dividend, among the creditors of the above named bankrupt will be declared and paid.

Dated this 2nd of July A. D. 1902.

H. BRYANT,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

The Best Liniment for Strains.

Mr. F. H. Wells, the merchant at Deer Park, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best liniment for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain, and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected." For sale by Graham & Wells.

Corvallis & Eastern R R Time Card No 20.

2 For Yaquina:
Train leaves Albany.....12:45 p. m.
" " Corvallis..... 1:50 p. m.
" arrives Yaquina..... 5:35 p. m.

1 Returning:
Leaves Yaquina..... 7:00 a. m.
Leaves Corvallis.....11:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany.....12:15 p. m.

3 For Detroit:
Leaves Albany..... 1:00 p. m.
Arrives Detroit..... 5:45 p. m.

4 from Detroit:
Leaves Detroit..... 6:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany.....11:05 a. m.

Trains 1 and 4 arrive in Albany in time to connect with S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train.

Train 2 connects with the S. P. west side train at Corvallis and Albany giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches.

Train 3 for Detroit, Breitenbush and other mountain resorts leaves Albany at 1:00 p. m. after arrival of S. P. south bound train from Portland, reaching Detroit at 5:45 p. m.

For further information apply to
EDWIN STONE,
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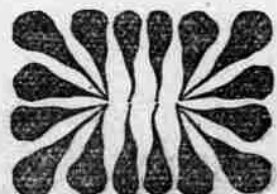
Picnic Goods

The time of the year has arrived when picnics and excursions are in order. And we've prepared to supply all wants for a dainty cold luncheon. We have just the things you need for such occasions. Our stock includes choice brands of canned meats, chicken, lobster etc., jellies, jams, delicacies, condiments, fancy crackers, fruits, finest goods. Lowest prices. Special inducements to parties.

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